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W. C. Allen

1870



David Allen
Washington D.C.

marked
of
of
of

STAMP

1879

Sacred Lyrics,

BY

✓
✓
JAMES EDMESTON,

AUTHOR OF "ANSTON PARK," A TALE.

FIRST SET.

Volgomi a TE, che seï del mio pensiero,
Segno, saetta, e arciero!

FILICAJA.

To thee I turn, for of my thought THOU art
The mark, the archer, and the dart!

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY B. J. HOLDSWORTH,
18, St. Paul's Church Yard.

1821.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

I. T. Hinton, Printer, Oxford.

TO THE
REVEREND FRANCIS AUGUSTUS COX, M. A.

AUTHOR OF
THE LIFE OF MELANCTHON,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
"A MEMENTO OF FRIENDSHIP."



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SACRED LYRICS.

I.

INVOCATION.

SWEET are harp-notes struck to THEE,
PRISTINE FOUNT OF MINSTRELSY !
Lovely, when the morning beams ;
 Lovely, when the noon is bright ;
Lovely, when the even gleams ;
 Lovely, at the mid of night ;
Whencesoever they aspire ;
 Be it from the pile of gold,
Or the vast cathedral's quire,
 Or the lone hut, drear and cold ;
Or desert, where no fane is nigh,
Save THY cloud-wrought canopy.

MUSIC drew from THEE her birth,
 THINE the sweet harmonic chain;
 And best she sings, when back from earth
 She bounds in praise to THEE again!
 What are all the songs below,
 Of the world's bewitching round;
 Shadows, of a passing show,
 Echos, of a passing sound:
 But the notes that speak the praise
 Of THY power and love, shall last
 To the age of endless days,
 When these passing forms have past.
 Yes, and while we journey here,
 They remind us of our rest;
 And catch a sound from yonder sphere,
 Dropp'd from the harpstrings of the BLEST.
 SOURCE of every fair delight,
 That bestrews our earthly way,
 Tune our hearts and songs aright,
 Till we reach that world of light,
 And till the notes sound full and bright,
 In bowers of heavenly day!

II.

SERENE DEATH.

OH ! might I choose how I should die,
 And pass above ;
 It were with those companions by,
 Whom most I love :
 And if a tear fell on my face
 From some fond eye,
 I would it fell inspired by grace,—
 By faith each sigh :
 So that the pang weak creatures feel
 When friends depart,
 A moment o'er the face might steal,
 Not reach the heart.
 Near me a soft low voice should raise
 Some holy air ;
 Some farewell vesper song of praise,
 Or verse of prayer.
 It were a pleasant thing to think,
 In yon bright seat,
 The sounds I heard on Earth's last brink,
 Were hymn notes sweet.

The links of nature gently falling,
 The soul all calm ;
 Here nothing could be found appalling—
 Death like a balm !
 In Death like this to pass away,
 How sweet a thing !
 And even in its grasp to say,
 "Death has no sting !"



III.

EVENING HYMN.

At night their short evening hymn, "Jesu Mahaxaroo,"—
 "Jesus forgive us," stole through the camp.

SALTE'S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal ;
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art HE, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be :
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

IV.

THE RURAL CHAPEL.

OFT, when I've seen a rising ground
 With bowery leafage shadow'd round ;
 Where groups of forest roses twine,
 With foxglove, and with sweet woodbine ;
 Where over head the arch boughs meet,
 And violets bloom beneath the feet :
 Oh, I have thought Surpassing fair !
 Had but that spot a house of prayer,
 A dome amidst the enchanted dell,
 All-hallowed to EMANUEL.

Oh, when amidst the grove of green,
 The chapel's snow-white spire is seen ;
 The column and the step of stone,
 The walls to meditation known ;
 How holy, how dear, does the spot appear,
 The fairest of heaven and earth are here ;
 The sweetest below, and the sweetest above,
 Nature's fair form, and a Saviour's love !

In a covert like this, what prayers might rise,
 What notes of praise might reach the skies ;
 Notes, as soft as a summer even,
 Notes, with less of Earth than Heaven ;
 Hymnings that might seem to be,
 Sweet celestial minstrelsy.

True, not the storm-flood Sorrow pours

Can quench a Christian's joy ;

Within the prison walls it soars

To heaven without alloy :

Though all the furious spite of men

Would crush it, it shines brightly then !

Yet in a spot so still, so fair,

That Peace might choose her haven there,

How sweet the house of praise and prayer.

Sorrow will cause the heart to pray,
 But oh! how lovelier is the sound,
 When notes of happiness rebound,
 Where all is beautiful around,
 Amidst the summer ray!



V.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.—REV. i. 10.

Is there a time when moments flow
 More lovelily than all beside;
 It is, of all the times below,
 A sabbath eve in summer tide.

Oh then the setting sun smiles fair,
 And all below, and all above,
 The different forms of nature wear
 One universal garb of Love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
 The life of Grace, the death of Sin,
 With nature's placid woods and streams,
 Is peace without and peace within.

Delightful scene!—a world at rest,—
 A God all love—no grief nor fear—
 A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast—
 A smile unsullied by a tear!

If heaven be ever felt below,
 A scene celestial as this
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of unmingled bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will Night,
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign,
 And morrow's quick returning light,
 Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last, a day—
 A sun that never sets shall rise;
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray!
 The heavenly sabbath never dies!

VI.

THE PROSPECT.

Then said the Shepherds one to another—'Let us here show the Pilgrims the gates of the celestial city, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass.'.....They thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CHRYSTAL City! from thy height,
When no vapours intervene,
Thy gates of pearl and walls of light,
Through many a sunny hour are seen;
And though the road be rough between,
They glad the pilgrim's sight.

Oh the day has been so clear,
And the eye of faith so strong;
That I have deem'd they must be near,
And e'en the everlasting song
Has almost reach'd the ear.

Then let me pass!—Those golden towers,
 Which faith can sometimes see,
 Are homes of rest from weary hours,
 Prepar'd by God for me.

VII.

EBENEZER.

1 SAM. vii. 12.

EBENEZER HITHERTO,

Now through sun and now through shower,
 With the help of God in view,
 Have I reach'd the present hour.

Many a heavy day has pass'd,
 Many a summer sun shone bright,
 Yet the sky most overcast
 Ever has been pierc'd by light.

And the light that shone so clear,
As it were an endless ray,
Oft in clouds of doubt and fear,
Has withdrawn its beams away.

Light to cheer, and clouds to warn,
I shall tread my journey by,
Till the rising of that morn,
When no cloud shall stain the sky.

As I travel let me own
To what arm my praise is due,
And mark some monitory stone,
'EBENEZER HITHERTO.'

VIII.

THE DEATH-BED.

SWIFT be thy flight to yonder skies,
And bright the crown that waits thee there!
Aloft on seraph pinions rise,
Beyond the fields of earthly air!

But there's a pang that stings the breast,
When torn away from those we love,
Before we see those realms of rest,
Or hear the harps that ring above.

Yet burst away!—the pang is short;
One struggle, and the soul is free!
A single blow—the battle's fought,
Then welcome bright eternity!

IX.

THE ETERNAL PRESENCE.

GOD IS HERE—how sweet the sound !

All I feel and all I see,
Nature teems, above, around,
With universal Deity !

Is there danger ? Void of fear,
Though the death-winged arrow fly,
I can answer—GOD IS HERE,
And I move beneath his eye !

When I pray, HE hears my prayer ;
When I weep, HE sees my grief :
Do I wander, HE is there,
Ready to afford relief.

Distance cannot part my soul ;
Not the morning in its flight,
Not the widest seas that roll,
Not the mount of greatest height.

No, nor any world that shines
 In infinitude of space,
 Lies without the boundless lines
 Of the empire of HIS grace!

Then I would not spend a care,
 Where my future lot may lie;
 I am safe, for HE is there,
 Be it within INFINITY!

X.

The pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

How often has the gloom which spread
 Above the Christian Pilgrim's head,
 And darkened all his earthly way,
 Like Israel's beacon cloud by day;
 Changed as the hour of death drew nigh,
 To flame that streamed along the sky,
 And lit his footsteps through the night,
 With holy fire and heavenly light!

XI.

AFFLICTION.

OH! whence is the freshness that gives the flower
Its scent and its summer hue?
It came in the dark and the midnight hour,
In drops of heavenly dew;
So, often in sorrow the soul receives
An influence from above,
That beauty, and sweetness, and freshness gives
To patience, and faith, and love.

But the sun is high, and the dew is dry,
And the flower has lost its bloom;
Its bell droops low, and the passer-by
Perceives no sweet perfume;
So, like again to the drooping flower,
In the sunshine of fortune's ray,
The graces that bloomed in a darksome hour
Have faded and passed away.

XII.

THE INFANT JESUS.

CARELESS Slumberer, sweetly smiling,
While by sleep thine eyes are pressed,
Doth no grief thy peace beguiling,
Cloud the heaven of thy breast ?

Doth not Calvary, mount of sorrow,
Hover o'er thine infant dream ;
Nor a present anguish borrow,
From the cross and crimson stream ?

Doth no vestige of that splendour,
Which a mortal could not bear,
Lurk within that form so tender,
Find some secret covert there ?

He whose glance shot deadly lightning,
When rebellion raged above,
Beams in smiles serenely brightening
In an earthly mother's love !

Oh Mysterious ! These are wonders
 That the angels love to view ;
 From host to host extatic thunders
 Roll in ravishment anew !



XIII.

PURITY.

OH ! to be pure as morning light,
 First issuing from the solar spring,
 Ere it be sullied in its flight,
 By touch of any earthly thing.

Oh ! for the seraph's soul of fire,
 To tread the path by seraphs trod ;
 Through endless ages to aspire,
 Fast by the oracle of God.

Released from sin, and warm with love,
 All life and knowledge, light and bliss ;
 The happiest soul that reigns above,
 Enjoys no happier heaven than this.

XIV.

HOLY CONTENTMENT.

WHY should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way;
Since my Saviour's presence shining,
Turns my darkness into day.

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win;
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

But within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown;
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

Welcome then each darker token;
Mercy sent it from above:
So the heart subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear and melts with love.

XVI.

GRATITUDE.

WHAT can I, my Saviour, do,
To repay the debt I owe?
Earthly years are all too few,
Earthly treasures all too low!

Shall I cease with men to dwell,
Every mortal love resign;
Hide me in some hermit's cell,
And feast in solitude on THINE?

Shall the sun of noontide day,
And the lamp of middle night,
Witness how I praise and pray,
Ceaseless as the moment's flight?

Shall I labour for thy poor,
For the souls whom thou hast bought;
Pain and poverty endure,
To afford thy children aught?

What can I, my Saviour, do,
 To repay the debt I owe?
 Earthly years are all too few,
 Earthly treasures all too low!

Shall I fly to spread thy name
 In the lands of heathen night?
 Shall I court the martyr's flame,
 And seal thy faith with suffering bright?

Shall each talent thou hast given
 Wholly consecrated be,
 And rise, like incense, up to heaven,
 Offered gratefully to thee?

Vain to pay the debt I owe,
 All the service I can do!
 Earthly good is far too low,
 Earthly years are far too few!

XVII.

THE WANDERERS.

They wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth.

2 HEB. xxxvii. 3.

YE palaces of gold, adieu!

The rosy couch, the perfumed air;

I would not spend one hour in you,

If Jesus own no subject there.

Give me the cave and forest side,

The mountain top, and desert drear,

With denizens of Heaven to hide,

Whom sinners spurn and scorn at here.

The cold bleak wind, if Jesus smile,

The couch of turf, and herby meal,

The brook's cool draught, the leafy pile,

Have brighter joys than strangers feel.

The hymn that o'er the desert floats
 From heart of flame and saintly voice,
 Is sweeter than the gayest notes,
 When Pleasure's mirthful sons rejoice.

Oh! thus my soul would wander far,
 From all the troubled haunts of men,
 Where solitude and silence are,
 Nor tread those evil walks again.

XVIII.

SACRED REST.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

PSALM CXXiii. 24.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek;
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul.

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er ;
That sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

XIX.

In all their afflictions he was afflicted.

ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

OH Thou, whose mercy guides my way !
 Though now it seem severe,
 Forbid my unbelief to say,
 There is no mercy here !

Oh grant me to desire the pain
 That comes in kindness down,
 More than the world's supremest gain
 Succeeded by a frown.

Then though thou bend my spirit low,
 Love only shall I see :
 The very hand that strikes the blow,
 Was wounded once for me.

XX.

THE CONTRAST.

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,
A heavenly minstrel sings;
Sounds, unimaginably bright,
Spring from the golden strings:
Who would have thought so fair a form,
Once bent beneath an earthly storm?

Yet was he sad and lonely here,
Of low and humble birth;
And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
With meanest sons of earth:
In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
The jest of mortals and their scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,
A harp of golden strings,
Glitters upon his deathless brow,
And to his hymn notes rings:
The bower of interwoven light,
Seems at the sound to grow more bright.

Then, while with visage blank and sear
 The poor in soul we see,
 Let us not think what he is here,
 But what he soon will be ;
 And look, beyond this earthly night,
 To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.



XXI.

TO * * * * .

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

IN heart divided, and in spirit rent,
 Who can forbid a mother to lament !

DEATH ! thou dread looser of the dearest tie !
 Was there no aged, and no sick one nigh ?
 No languid wretch, who longed, but longed in vain,
 For thy cold hand to cool his fiery pain ?

And was the only victim thou couldst find,
 An infant, in its mother's arms reclined?
 But 'tis thy way to pass the ripest by,
 And cause the flowers and buds of life to die.

Full many a flower is scattered by the breeze,
 And many a blossom shaken from the trees ;
 And many a morning beam in tempests flies ;
 And many a dew-drop shines awhile and dies ;
 But, oftener far, the dream that FANCY weaves,
 Of future joy and happiness, deceives.

And THOU, pale mourner o'er an infant bier,
 Brighten thy cheek and dry the trickling tear,
 This came, though veiled in darkness, from above,
 A dispensation of Eternal Love ;
 HE, who perceived the dangerous control,
 The heart-twined spell was gaining o'er thy soul,
 Snatch'd from thine arms the treacherous decoy,
 To give thee higher hope and purer joy.

Oh see how soon the flowers of life decay,
 How soon terrestrial pleasures pass away ;

This star of comfort, for a moment given,
 Just rose on earth, then set, to rise in Heaven;
 Yet mourn not, as of Hope bereft, its doom;
 Nor water with thy tears its early tomb;
 Redeemed to God from sin, released from pain,
 Its life were punishment, its death is gain.

Turn back thine eye along the path of life,
 View thine own grief and weariness, and strife;
 And say, if that which tempts thee to repine,
 Be not a happier lot by far than thine?
 If death in infancy had laid thee low,
 Thou hadst escaped from sin, and toil, and woe;
 The years thy soul the path of sorrow trod,
 Had all been spent in converse with thy God;
 And thou hadst shone in yonder cloudless sphere,
 A seraph there, and not a pilgrim here:
 Oh! it is sweet to die,—to part from earth,
 And win all heaven for things of little worth!
 Then sure thou wouldst not, though thou couldst, awake
 The little slumberer for its mother's sake.

It is when those we love in death depart,
 That earth hath slightest hold upon the heart:

Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught,
 And purified from earth thine earth-born thought?
 I know it hath—Hope then appears more dear,
 And heaven's bright realms shine brightest through a tear.

Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,
 And lay the gem of all thy love aside;
 Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,
 That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again:
 On seraph wings the new-born spirit flies,
 To brighter regions and serener skies,
 And, ere thou art aware, the day may be,
 When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.

While yet on earth, thine ever-circling arms
 Held it securest from surrounding harms;
 Yet even there disease could aim her dart,
 Chill the warm cheek, and stop the fluttering heart;
 And many a fruitless tear-drop thou hast paid,
 To view the sickness that thou couldst not aid;
 No ill can reach it now—it rests above,
 Safe in the bosom of celestial love:
 Its short, but yet tempestuous way, is o'er,
 And tears shall trickle down its cheeks no more.

Then far be grief—Faith looks beyond the tomb,
 And heaven's bright portals sparkle through the gloom ;
 If bitter thoughts and tears in Heaven could be,
 It is thine infant that should weep for thee.



XXII.

THE DEATH-BED.

Who was ever known to hear,
 That angel song that meets the ear,
 When the tale of life is ending,
 And the flame of life descending,
 When the hand of DEATH is near ?

Who was ever known to see
 Those forms of heavenly minstrelsy
 That hover o'er the good man dying,
 And guard the ransom'd spirit flying
 To the realms of extacy ?

Though those forms meet no appearing,
 Though those songs no mortal hearing,
 Dying pillow!—Bed of roses!—
 Witness, as the sweet scene closes,
 Seraph harps ring round the cheering!



XXIII.

 PSALM xxiii.

THE LORD is my shepherd, no want can I fear ;
 Wherever I wander my shepherd is near :
 By the side of the waters of stillness I pass,
 And repose in the meadows of fresh growing grass.

A pilgrim, I travel in faith on my way,
 With his rod for my help, and his staff for my stay ;
 Is the road dark and dreary?—I fear not its gloom,
 Nor tremble to walk through the vale of the tomb!

My table is spread in the face of my foes ;
 Thou anointest my head, and my cup overflows :
 My days, while below, shall be followed by love,
 And a blessed eternity meet me above !

 XXIV.

THE THUNDER STORM.

 PSALM XXIX.

Sons of the Mighty—pause and fear!
 Jehovah's power proclaim!
 The glory of his state revere,
 And bow before his name!
 His watery car is rolling by—
 And hark! His voice of majesty
 Divides the forks of flame!
 He blasts the cedar, burns the oak,
 And cleaves the mountains with a stroke

He lays the forest thickets bare,
And lights the shade profound ;
The deer that crept for refuge there,
Springs from the burning ground !
The lion in his secret den,
Moans in instinctive terror then,
And crouches at the sound ;
He knows his Maker's voice, and hides
In his deep cavern's inmost sides.

Amidst the storm Jehovah reigns,
And guards his people's weal,
He holds the lightnings fast in chains,
Though all creation reel ;
And those whom he will deign to keep,
May lay them down in peace, and sleep,
Nor heed the threatening peal ;
Assured, beneath his mighty arm,
Danger is safe, and tumult calm.

XXV.

CONFIDENCE.

GREAT God! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours,
Nor if the path that I must go
Be paved with thorns, or strewn with flowers ;
It is enough for me to see
My all is governed by thy will,
And that which I receive from thee,
Has been and will be kindness still.

But this I would for ever pray,
And here I cannot be denied,
That whether dark or bright the way,
Thy Spirit would my spirit guide.

Then in the flow of prosperous years,
I shall not raise my heart too high,
Nor yield to clouds, or doubts, or fears,
Though prospects fail and comforts die.

XXVI.

TRANQUIL DEATH.

How calm is the summer sea wave !

How softly is swelling its breast ;
The bank it just reaches to lave,
Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,
But mild as a zephyr its play ;
Its drops scarcely heard on the shore,
And passes in silence away.

As calm is the action of death
On the halcyon mind of the just ;
As gently he rifles their breath,
As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
But calm as a slumber they die.

XXVII.

THE VICTORY.

WHEN the destroying angel's breath
 Blasted all Egypt in his flight ;
Darkness entombed the hour of death,
 And all futurity was night.

The agony of friends that part,
 The sob, the groan, the shriek, was there ;
But not one hope dawned on the heart,
 To cheer the general despair.

The mother wept upon the tomb,
 The sister held her brother's bier ;
But not one ray shot through the gloom,
 To sparkle in the falling tear.

But now, beyond the night-veiled dead,
 A morning dawns, a hope is given ;
And every tear that mourners shed,
 Is gilded with a beam from heaven.

Though NATURE feel severest pain,
When locked in death her partner sleeps ;
FAITH reckons death, with glory, gain,
And envies all the while she weeps.

LOVE glories in another's good,
Though bought with pangs that rack her through ;
Bursts the warm clasp by HOPE subdued,
And smiles through tears the faint adieu.

XXVIII.

When the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots : and his servant said unto him, Alas, my master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

2 KINGS vi. 15—17.

SWORDS of fire around us play,
 Shafts of flame around us fly;
 Though no lightnings glare the day,
 Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon,
 There is war amidst the calm;
 In the loveliest beaming moon,
 Adverse spirits working harm

Yet the intellectual strife,
Fierce and mighty as it glows,
Wakes no earthly sound to life,
Nor moves the tresses of the rose.

Fallen man to slay, in soul,
Is the prize for which they fight ;
Counter warrior charges roll,
Demons dark with angels bright.

The swift artillery of heaven
Passes round us every hour,
Though to man it be not given,
While on earth, to see its power.

Yet the prophet's servant saw,
When the Syrian host assailed,
Every heavenly warrior,
And bright encampment all unveiled.

And from yonder distant sky
All the conflict we shall view :
Turn and see the dangers fly,
And praise the God that led us through.

XXIX.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE REV. F. A. COX'S
LIFE OF MELANCTHON.

OH! who would envy those who die
 Victims upon AMBITION'S shrine,
 Though idiot man may rank them high,
 And to the slain in victory
 Pay honours half divine.
 To feel this heaving fluttering breath,
 Stilled by the lightest touch of death,
 The happier lot be mine ;
 I would not that the murdering brand
 Were the last weapon in my hand.

HE of whom these pages tell,
 HE a soldier too—of truth,
 HE a hero from his youth ;
 How delightfully he fell !

Not in the crash, and din, and flood
 Of execrations, groans, and blood,
 Rivetting fetters on the good,
 But happily and well.

No song of triumph sounds his fall,
 No march of death salutes his bier ;
 But tribute sweeter far than all,
 The sainted sigh, the orphan tear.
 Yet mourn not ye who stand around ;
 Nor bid the time less swiftly roll,
 Though shades of death the prospect bound,
 He a far happier world has found ;
 DEATH is the BIRTH-DAY of the soul.

Witness—for ye saw him die—
 Heard you complaint, or groan, or sigh ;
 Or if one sigh breathed o'er his breast,
 As gentle airs, when days of summer close,
 Breathing o'er wearied nature still repose,
 Lull an expiring evening to rest ;
 It whispered—"All within is peace,
 The storm is past, and troubles cease."

His sun went down in cloudless skies,
Assured upon the morn to rise

In lovelier array.

But not like earth's declining light,
To vanish back again to night :
The zenith where he now shall glow,
No bound, no setting beam, can know ;
Without a cloud or shade of woe,
Is that eternal day.

HISTORY will not write his name
Upon the glittering roll of FAME ;
But RELIGION, heaven-born maid,
Mark him in her tablet fair ;
And when brighter names shall fade,
His will stand recorded there.

XXX.

THE LAST DAY.

It is the summer noontide hour,
The earth is clad with many a flower,
The bright stream rolls its sparkling breast,
On full blown sweets the wild bees rest ;

The dragonet winnows her gauzy wings,
The butterfly rests on the cheek of the rose ;
In the warm blue sky, the skylark sings,
And Nature is all repose.

Calm is the water, fair is the lea,
The south wind ripples the summer sea ;
The mariner gaily sets his sail,
To catch the breath of the downy gale ;
His graceful bark goes lightly by,
In emerald sea, and sapphire sky ;
No pirate galley armed for wrong,
Nor war-ship sails those seas along,

The spear point and the sabre now
 Have formed the pruning hook and plough:
 It is EMANUEL's heavenly reign,
 And war shall ne'er be known again!

Fair are the fields, and bright the skies,
 His daily task the peasant plies,
 The flocks and herds in slumbers lie,
 The shepherd sings a hymn-note by;
 Through the calm the sweet sounds swell:

And this the song

That floats along

The sunny mead and shady dell:—

Shine on fair sun, thy beams are bright,
 Flowers bloom below, joy reigns above;
 But what were all that meets my sight,
 Were I without a Saviour's love.

The sun in azure fields might roll,
 And not a cloud obscure his ray;
 Yet darkness dwell upon my soul,
 Which he could never chase away.

These pleasant fields, this summer stream,
 These lowing herds, and lovely flowers,
Had seemed one day a pleasant dream,
 Recalled in dark and dreadful hours.

For I had lain in deep despair,
 By hope's most glimmering ray uncrossed,
And these had been remembered there,
 A paradise I had—but lost.

Then, for one drop of this fair tide
 That rolls those flowery meads among,
In helpless torment I had sighed,
 To cool my parched and burning tongue.

Poor are the words, and weak the strain,
 Thy boundless mercy to repay :
But I shall raise my song again,
 With higher powers, in brighter day !

Sweet and calm is the noontide hour ;
Through many a dell, and forest bower
Of woodbine and of wild red rose,
On the village bridal goes ;

Youth and beauty, arm in arm,
 Circled in a mutual charm,
 Whom the dreams of love beguile

In the fields of time to see
 Years that meet them with a smile,
 Years of pleasure yet to be.

Trust not stillness—on the day
 Ere the sulphury storm begun
 That swept Gomorrah's towers away,
 Bright on Zoar rose the sun !
 Have you not BELIEVER read,
 In an hour so sweetly calm
 That Nature might seem clothed in balm,
 The trump may sound that wakes the dead.

That fearful moment to portray
 No mortal harp could weave a lay ;
 TIME will bring it in his flight,
 As a robber in the night,
 Unexpected, and unknown,
 Save in his decrees alone

Who will suddenly appear
 And raise the throne of judgment here ;
 Yet if ready we should be,
 Others may tremble but not we.

 XXXI.

1 THESS. v. 16.

WHY are the meadows gay with flowers,
 And fair with silver streams ?
 Why are the vallies moist with showers,
 Or bright with summer beams ?
 Why is the face of Nature glad,
 And he, who most of all might be
 Happy e'en to satiety,
 Alone cast down and sad ?

The herds repose with hearts at rest,
 For God has given them peace ;
 And sure, within the Christian's breast,
 Anxiety might cease ;

And as he treads the way along
 That leads him to his home on high,
 Instead of mourning and a sigh,
 Might raise some pilgrim's song!

Strike the light harp! bid grief depart!
 Let sinners mourn and wail;
 He need not bear a heavy heart,
 Though all on earth should fail.
 But, if a sigh and tear be due
 For every blessing of the way,
 Weep Christian, for indeed you may
 Let tears your path bedew!



XXXII.

PRAYER.

ENTHRONED amidst the world of light,
 JEHOVAH rules the realms of bliss;
 Yet bends to scenes of earthly night,
 To such a house of pain as this!

The glories of the heavenly plains
 Hide not one mourner from HIS eye;
 Nor can the seraph's loudest strains
 Drown by their sound the faintest sigh!

Oh PRAYER, thou mine of things unknown,
 Who can be poor possessing thee!
 Thou wert a fount of joy alone,
 Better than worlds of gold could be.
 Were I bereft of all beside,
 That bears the form or name of bliss,
 I yet were rich, what will betide,
 If GOD in mercy leave me this!

XXXIII.

REV. xxii. 1.

LIVING-River, gently flowing
 Through Emanuel's golden land;
 Fruits of life by thee are growing,
 Trees of life beside thee stand!

Healing leaves for pain and sadness,
 Waters of celestial balm ;
 Flowers immortal, blooming gladness,
 Skies for ever bright and calm.

While the tempest thunders o'er us
 On the world's tempestuous sea,
 May we view in faith before us
 The haven we are seeking—Thee!



XXXIV.

CONSCIENCE.

OH there's a night-time of the soul
 Where tempests rest, and storm clouds roll ;
 The troubled spirit looks on high—
 But thunder lowers along the sky ;
 It turns to earth and looks around—
 But not a refuge there is found ;
 Frighted it turns its eye within,
 And sees a loathsome heart of sin ;
 It fain would bend in earnest prayer—
 It would—but finds no solace there ;

The Almighty frowns upon its grief,
 And earthly friends give no relief;
 Man seems in utter terror then,
 Cursed by his God, and left by men.

Oh were it not that hope is given
 To every soul beneath the heaven,
 And were it not a Saviour's veins
 Flow to assuage these deadly pains,
 No soul could long endure the woe,
 When all above and all below,
 And all without and all within,
 Seem leagued to be the scourge of sin.

It is as though the sinner's doom
 Waited not for the sealing tomb;
 It is as though the sting of hell
 Within a living heart might dwell.

Oh! blessed be God for the rainbow of peace,
 That over the hill of Calvary bends,
 And bids the storm and the thunder cease,
 And smiles as the penitent tear descends:

The rainbow of peace, that in such an hour,
 Tinged by the sun of a Saviour's love,
 Arches the sweet repentant shower,
 And lightens the threatening storm above.
 Never, oh never! within the heart,
 Be a thought that would make this peace depart,
 For who that has felt the asp-like pain,
 Would choose the paths of sin again?

 XXXV.

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of
 Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.

HABAKKUK.

THOU, who such various gifts has given
 To all who dwell around the globe,
 And wrapt it, ALMONER OF HEAVEN!
 In plenty, like a circling robe;
 Grant that the waters of thy grace
 O'er earth's most distant climes may flow;
 Nor there be found a single place
 Where fruits of mercy do not grow.

Where'er the sun diffuse his light,
 Gladdening the nations from above,
 There may thy truth, with ray more bright,
 Descend with power and beam with love;
 And where the dew and summer showers
 Bid nature bloom in rich array,
 There may religion's fairer flowers
 Unfold beneath the gospel day.



XXXVI.

FAITH.

DARK are the waters of the grave,
 But he may every billow brave
 Who firm in faith relies :
 FAITH shines the morning star of heaven,
 To her, ere morning, it is given
 To see the opening skies.

SHE shines across the deep, and lays
A glittering path of woven rays
To God's eternal seat :
And there the spirit passes o'er,
Fearless to heaven's unbeaten shore,
And scarcely bathes her feet.



XXXVII.

THE MARTYR.

WHO is he with tresses flowing,
White as is the driven snow ?
Tell me whither he is going—
Stranger, tell me, dost thou know ?
Sure it cannot be to sadness,
For a smile is on his face,
And his eye is bright with gladness,
And his step is firm with grace.

Oh! he is a victim borne away

By that tumultuous crowd,

Condemned to sleep in death to day,

Beneath a fiery shroud :

Yes, he may smile—There waits him now

A crown of victory for his brow,

A seraph car, attending nigh,

To bear his spirit to the sky.

Every nerve shall writhe with pain,

Till nature will recoil again ;

But faith is eagle-eyed, and sees

The gates of heaven through things like these,

And would not change the martyr's bed

For lordly hall, and royal crown,

Where PLEASURE, on her couch of down,

Hath summer roses shed.

XXXVIII.

What dost thou here, Elijah?

1 KINGS xix. 13.

OH for some lonely forest dell,
 The turf with flowerets spread;
 Perennial fruits, a plenteous well,
 Thick leafage over head;
 A home of peace, a haven fair,
 And those I love all with me there!

When orient clouds o'erspread the dawn,
 To praise, and read, and pray;
 When evening sunbeams gild the lawn,
 To hymn the parting day;
 When noonday suns shine bright above,
 To give the hours,
 All wreathed with flowers,
 To mutual friendship and to love;
 And when the moon walks through the night,
 To lull my breast,
 With holy rest,
 As soft and tranquil as her light!

In such a home, on such a spot,
 Friendship and peace within,
 Methinks I had as fair a lot
 As EDEN ere the first foul blot
 Of death-producing sin.
 And yet, methinks, were all as fair
 As FANCY could inspire ;
 Were all to win and charm me there,
 And nothing that could tire,
 I could not still my thought, and say,
 “ I now am happy, let the world
 By sin and ignorance be hurl'd
 To ruin as it may !”
 For I should heave a fearful sigh
 To think of all I had enjoyed,
 While opportunities passed by,
 And talents slumbered unemployed.

Oh while a single spot of ground
 Exists, or near or far,
 Where THOU, my SAVIOUR, art not found
 The sinner's guiding star ;
 While yet a single soul remains
 Fettered in SUPERSTITION's chains,

Let me not quit this busy field
 Till the fight be done,
 And the battle won,
 And the conquered empire yield!

THIS is a state of toil and fear,
 THAT is a region ever fair;
 Give me some post of combat here,
 Rest and eternal joyance there!



XXXIX.

CHANGE.

WHAT is all this transient show
 That I see from day to day?
 Colours of the fading bow,
 Atoms in the sunny ray!

Thousands pass, and are no more,
Others rise, and move, and fall ;
Stilled the voice that sang before,
Chilled the heart's best joy or thrall !

What, at most, is every pain,
Every tear, and every sigh !
Shades, that flit across the plain,
As the clouds pass o'er the sky.

Fleeting shadows, pass ye on !
Who would waste one wish on you,
With yonder never setting sun
And immortality in view !

XL.

HEB. xiii. 13.

GIVE me the robe and crown of thorn,
That once my SAVIOUR wore ;
For I would share my Master's scorn,
And bear the taunts HE bore :
Dearer than crown of gold and gem,
Is that acanthian diadem !

The taunts and frowns of men of earth,
What are they all to me !
Oh they are things of little worth,
Weighed with one smile from THEE,
Who bore a sorrow deeper far,
Than all these stingless trifles are !

Ah! should I fear to own THY name
 And shudder at a frown,
 How could I bear the martyr's flame,
 And win the martyr's crown?
 Shame! in this day of peace, to fear
 The sinner's jest, the scorner's sneer!

No! let me rather choose to boast,
 Wherever I may be,
 The things the world despises most,
 The nails, the spear, the tree;
 THY lowly life, THY temper mild,
 THY spirit of a little child.

If while on earth I feel no shame
 To own THY cause and love,
 Thou wilt not shrink to own my name
 Before the POWERS above:
 Oh happy barter—to have given
 Earth's fading fame for that of heaven!

XLI.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FAREWELL ! thou vase of splendour,
 I need thy light no more ;
 No brilliance canst thou render
 The world to which I soar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens
 Those regions with a ray,
 But GOD himself enlightens
 Their one eternal day.

FAREWELL ! sweet Nature, waving
 With fruits and flowrets fair ;
 Of thee but little craving,
 Of what thou well canst spare :

Only an earthly pillow,
 To bear my death-cold head ;
 And the turf, and drooping willow,
 To deck my lowly bed.

The world where I am going,
Has fairer fruits than thine ;
Life rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.

FAREWELL ! each dearest union
That bless'd my earthly hours,
We yet shall hold communion
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken,
When friends in death depart ;
In heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.

The harps of heaven steal o'er me,
I see the jasper wall,
JESUS, who passed before me,
And GOD, the Judge of all !

So sang the parting spirit,
While round flowed many a tear,
Then spread her wings, to inherit
Her throne in yonder sphere.

XLII.

TO * * * * *

I LOVE not that dark piety which shades
 All life's bright flowing streams and flowery glades,
 Which spurns at smiles, and only loves to sigh ;
 Which seeks for thorns, and casts the roses by.

RELIGION is all lovely and serene,
 Peace in her bosom, beauty in her mien,
 Smiles on her lips, and sun-light on her brow,
 Safe for eternity, and happy now.

Yet are there some see treason in a smile,
 And deem all beauty but a mask for guile ;
 Who think whatever is not sad, is sin,
 Lovely without, but treacherous within ;
 Who count a look demure, and measur'd face,
 The certain outward signs of inward grace,
 Nor scruple every brother to condemn
 Who wears not black, like Baal's priests and them.

A form men call RELIGION, walks on earth,
 From whencesoe'er—heaven never gave her birth ;
 Pale is her face, her eye is sunk and dim,
 Trembling her step, and palsied every limb :
 Scourges and thorns and penance form her creed,
 And her hope rises, as her torn nerves bleed ;
 Her name is SUPERSTITION, and she dwells
 Midst beads and forms, and rosaries and spells ;
 'Tis she beguiles the monk, from midnight sleep,
 At altars chill, to rise, and pray, and weep,
 That clouds his spirit, and that firmly clings
 Around his heart, and blights his earthly things :
 Sinking and worn, he fades, he pines away,
 His drear life ends, he takes his bed of clay ;
 Yet from his cradle to his last abode,
 He met not pure RELIGION on the road.

True—Sorrow often overshades the breast,
 And chills the heart that God indeed hath blest ;
 But there's a CALM the poor in spirit know,
 Which softens sorrow, and which sweetens woe ;
 But there's a PEACE that dwells within the soul
 When all around the clouds of tempests roll ;
 But there's a LIGHT which gilds the darkest hour,
 When dangers threaten, and when tempests lower :

That CALM to FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE is giv'n ;
 That PEACE remains, when all beside is riven ;
 That LIGHT shines down to man direct from heaven.

In prison cells sequester'd and alone,
 Sits one in grief, unpitied and unknown,
 Child of the secret tear, the midnight sigh,
 The pallid countenance, the sunken eye ;
 His cold damp cell can boast no friend to share,
 No voice to cheer the bitter load of care,
 No tender hand to dry the tears he shed,
 And pillow on her breast his aching head ;
 Trampled and spurn'd by pride, by malice trod,
 He seems cast out by man, and left by God.

Trust not appearances ;—within his breast
 Shines a fair summer of perpetual rest ;
 His eye is fixed on heavenly things, and there
 Soars his torn spirit on the wings of prayer ;
 Communion with his God his thought employs,
 And his sweet minutes roll serene in joys !
 He sees a Father's hand in all he bears,
 And owns in all his grief a father's cares.

Dark is the way, but HIS almighty grace
 Teaches to trust him, where he cannot trace ;
 And while the wintry storm is rolling by,
 He finds all summer, and a cloudless sky !

And when in silent solitary death,
 Uncheer'd, the man of God resigns his breath,
 Although no earthly friend, perhaps, be near,
 To moisten the parch'd throat, and dry the tear,
 Yet joy awaits him, God appears his friend,
 Celestial messengers his couch attend !
 And while, with scarce an observation made,
 Low in the ground his cold remains are laid,
 His spirit liberated takes her flight
 To fields of joy, and skies for ever bright.

RELIGION ! Oh what happiness is thine,
 How bright thy smiles, how sweet how fair they shine !
 If even sorrow owns thy sunny light,
 In hours of peace how more divinely bright !
 Thou roamest by the streams, and woods, and fields,
 Tastest the pleasure that all nature yields ;
 Hearest the warbling of the birds, that sing
 In gladness to their Maker and their King,

And as the flocks and herds beside thee play,
 Canst feel a heart as light and pure as they;
 Mingle thy joys with theirs, and from the sod
 To heaven's high arch, see ALL-PERVADING GOD,
 Lean on his arm, repose beneath his eye,
 Happy to live, and confident to die;
 Secure in every age and every place,
 For HE fills endless time and boundless space!

Yes, in yon little distant twinkling star
 That glimmers faintly, tremulantly, far,
 A speck of radiance, and a point of light
 That half appears, and half eludes the sight,
 GOD reigns.—That atom is a world like our's,
 With seas and mountains, vales and fields, and flowers,
 Cities and temples, palaces and towers;
 There monarchs govern, and there armies shine,
 Oppression glitters, and its victims pine;
 There is the joy, the grief, the hope, the fear,
 The silent anguish, and the secret tear,
 And every beam that gilds, and cloud that shades us here.

FAITH sees futurity, and while she sees,
 Though she enjoy, clings not to things like these;

Born to exist an everlasting year,
 It little matters what awaits us here ;
 For one short hour the coronet is born,
 For one short hour the garb of rags is worn ;
 The swift though silent tide of human years
 Flows to the sepulchre and disappears ;
 Death levels every rank, and in the grave
 The monarch lies as coldly as the slave.
 But FAITH can gaze upon the sun, and say,
 “ Ah glorious monarch of the burning day !
 The time is coming, be it far or near,
 When thou shalt fail, extinguished from thy sphere,
 I shall exist, eternal, ever young,
 My powers still vigorous, and my mind full strung ;
 Vast fields of wonder opening to my view,
 For ever varied and for ever new ;
 Rise on immortal wings a flight sublime,
 And the archangel's grasp of thought be mine ;
 From great to greater soar an endless way,
 And revel in the plenitude of day.”

While from this height we look serenely down,
 How poor seem riches, and how mean a crown ;
 Careless if sunshine gild, or clouds deform,
 The nobler spirit sits above the storm ;

Honour no bait to tempt her feet astray,
 Sorrow no bane to fright her from her way,
 She smiles at all the trifles of the day.

'Tis thus, because a God is ever seen
 Who changes not through every changing scene ;
 In storms or calm his hand is ever near,
 To soothe anxiety, and banish fear ;
 Through HIM the Christian every danger braves,
 His vessel trusts, nor dreads the threatening waves.

The gladsome mariner, in joyance light,
 While day-light smiles and pleasure's sun shines bright,
 Borne by soft airs, or summer seas along,
 Trims his gay bark, and carols many a song ;
 But if the sun withdraw, and clouds arise,
 And storms and thunder frown along the skies,
 His spirits droop, his song is heard no more,
 And his heart sickens at the tempest's roar.
 Such is the confidence vain man enjoys,
 Who trusts alone to earth and earthly toys ;
 While hours are prosperous all is well and fair,
 But in the tempest—nothing save despair.

FAITH lightens every earthly lot, and sees
 In all her father's guidance and decrees,
 Walks in her path of thorns while HE sustains,
 Sings in her griefs, and smiles amidst her pains ;
 SHE cheers the martyr with deep torture riven,
 And gilds the bed of death with beams from heaven ;
 Turns her keen eye far back, and brings anew
 Gethsemane and Calvary to view ;
 Gazes through tears upon her Saviour's cross,
 And counts for Him her best performance dross ;
 The darkest road that she hath ever trod,
 She knows was once the pathway of her God ;
 " The pain I feel," she sings, " he knew full well,
 And all my need he suffered, and can tell ;
 No cup of sorrow in my hand is placed,
 But he himself first proved its bitter taste ;
 And not one grief I bear, or ever bore,
 But he hath felt that self-same grief before."

THOU HEAVENLY WATCHER ! in a night forlorn,
 Sittest in darkness waiting for the morn,
 Thou canst perceive—though scarce perceive—afar,
 The glimmering radiance of the morning star,
 While its faint beam smiles comfort to thy fear,
 Darts through the gloom, and gilds the falling tear.

HOPE, though the threatening storm before her lowers,
 Paints a fair rainbow on the falling showers,
 And o'er the road her feet have yet to go
 Sees fair fields bloom, and gentle rivers flow;
 Gentler than Faith, but from a source as pure,
 Leans on her God, and trusts her rest is sure.

Thou, Friendship's fairer sister, seraph LOVE,
 Soul cheering visitant from realms above!
 Labour is light with thee, and sorrow sweet,
 Danger we court, and hail the toils we meet;
 Where thou art found no discontentment lowers,
 The skies are bright, the fields are clothed with flow'rs;
 With thee the poor are rich, the bond are free,
 And beauties others see not beam for thee.
 Though mortal here, and though thou soon wilt die
 Beneath the influence of earth's colder sky,
 The beam of heaven shall blossom there anew
 With richer fragrance, and a brighter hue;
 No frost shall nip thee there, no vapour blight,
 But still shalt thou increase, and still give fresh delight.

Inspired by LOVE doth Charity bestow
 Her well earn'd gold to heal another's woe;

And many a refuge thy rich hoards supply,
 For those who faint and droop, and those who die.
 Sweet is their labour, and their wages sure,
 Who heal the sick, and tend upon the poor.

HE who, in scorn and anger, turns aside
 From the loud voice of Pharisaic pride,
 Nor heeds the garb that haughty sinners wear,
 The sanctimonious look and solemn air,
 Bends from his throne to hear the humble prayer ;
 The poor man's blessing wafted with a sigh,
 Breathed from a glowing heart and tearful eye,
 Ascends to heaven and God, and thence is shed,
 In dew of mercy, on the destin'd head.

With FAITH to see a God, though tempests lower,
 With LOVE to bend in gladness to his power,
 It little matters, whether good or ill,
 Or high or low, the station that we fill,
 Our spring of happiness is all within,
 And unassailable, except by sin.

Sin wins us with a smile ;—its flattering beam
 Tempts us to launch upon the summer stream ;

No terror threatens, and no tempest lowers,
 The flood all ripples, and the banks all flowers ;
 Joy dances on the wave, the breeze flits by,
 And one fair azure blooms along the sky.

Borne by the tide insensibly along,
 The banks grow wider, and the stream more strong ;
 Then down the current furiously driven,
 Storms swell the deep, and clouds obscure the heaven,
 Whirlpools and rocks await him as he flies,
 The sea ingulfs him,—and the adventurer dies.

This triple braid of happiness divine,
 Which FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY entwine,
 To wear along his pilgrimage below,
 Is the best wisdom fallen man can know:
 Such wisdom then be ours; it bears a charm
 For every earthly change and passing harm;
 And when in fairer spheres the flowers unfold,
 They not again will droop, in blight, or cold,
 But bloom midst heaven's bright skies and meads of
 gold!



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